

## Lust and Love

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## Lust and Love

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### Summary

Dream suggested a funny competition, but George feels like there's more.

### Notes

Disclaimer that I respect George's and Dream's friendship and if they express the shipping makes them uncomfortable, I'll delete this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

How the hell did they end up like this?

It was an ironic suggestion. Not whatever it turned into, now that the two young men were sitting across from each other, the dim lighting painting their flushed faces in a soft orange.

Totally, let's both masturbate, and whoever cums first loses. Where they in a middle school locker room? This felt ridiculous to George.

And yet, he couldn't help but let his embarrassment be overridden with pleasure. There was something new and exciting about jacking off while he sensed Dream's gaze on his member.

It's not like he was innocent of it, George couldn't deny peeking at his best friend's erect dick as well. Nervousness had turned to lust real quick.

One might have thought George was shy about making noises, and in another case it might have been true, but in this situation, his intentions were to take Dream's sounds in, without interference. Which was why he kept rather quiet.

Dream's low grunts that filled the room were mesmerising to him. George simply breathed heavily, stroking himself in a lazy motion with his eyes shifting between Dream's movements and anything else in the room that weren't his eyes.

Because that was the one thing they both had silently mutually agreed on: It was a fun competition, no homo and all that, as long as they didn't lock eyes.

So why did George crave that so passionately? He felt the desperate need stirring up his organs, and his senses. Perhaps the taboo was what made it tempting.

There was no time to waste thinking about it any longer, though. George barely noticed Dream shifting from his position on the bed until he reached out with his free hand to trail down George's arm with his fingertips.

George interrupted his yearning and glued his eyes to the masculine hand nearing his own. Before he could verbally question it, Dream spoke up.

"What if we touched each other?"

That was the moment that broke every taboo, so naturally George heaved his head to confirm Dream was serious.

With that, the sight before him completed. Dream's messy blonde hair, red cheeks and his slightly parted lips that George would have liked to kiss more than anything else in the world.

Whether it was in mental preparation or to tease Dream a little, George licked his lips before muttering a hushed "Okay."

George probably imagined it, but he felt his hand trembling reaching out to Dream's dick. He shifted as well, bringing their bodies closer together. Mere centimetres were separating them now, and George secretly wished he could close the gap.

Dream had changed his grasp as well, George's member instead of his own now loosely in his hand.

George, who had his gaze on Dream's crotch again now felt a new, strange situation. Pleasure rode through him, but not because of him. His eyes perceived the motion he performed with his hand, yet it was asynchronous to the motion he felt. The trick this played on him made George feel hazy, and he gasped a little.

It was nothing compared to what he had to process next, though. Dream's face closed in on his, as if he was about to kiss him, but instead they created another eye contact that made George's guts feel content and confused at the same time.

"Moan for me, I wanna hear you."

George's heart made an unwanted jump. The exclusivity of that sentence caused an emotional reaction he never could have anticipated. While lust was primarily filling up his every nerve, there was something else. Something very repressed.

Could this be love?

Barely, he decided. Surely he's just caught up in the moment. Yet, the dread of imagining anyone

else in his place, with Dream, in this situation? Horrendous. George wanted to be the only one Dream would say this to. The only one who looked at him like that, with heavy-lidded eyes and tempting lips. Which, George decided, finally needed to be taken care of, despite the initial request.

So his answer was effortlessly pressing his lips onto Dream's. His hand that wasn't busy with Dream crept to his face, cupping the blonde boy's jawline.

Dream uttered a heavy sigh. Not the annoyed kind, when the both of them had been running around the overworld for a long time with no Endermen spawning, but the relieved kind. George almost felt like Dream had been longing for this, too.

Then again, perhaps his mind played tricks on him. There was no way Dream had felt the same butterflies George did for these past couple months, right? He was probably caught up in the passion, that was why he suggested to spice up the competition and accepted the kiss.

A part of George wanted them to stay friends after this, pretending like it never happened without regretting it. But inevitably, this would change their relationship in some way. George barely spent a thought about how, in a hypothetical situation, announcing their relationship to their viewers would go. He quickly got distracted by his body reacting to Dream more intensely.

George let go of the kiss, which left both men panting, and his attention was on how Dream had managed to graze his thumb over his most sensitive spot. Hardly thinking about Dream's earlier request, George let out a moan naturally.

Dream quickly caught onto it, and even saw an opportunity to win. He repeated the move until George bucked his hips, chasing Dream's hand.

George's hand that had been cupping Dream's face during the kiss had trailed to his shoulder, where he now tightened his grip, nearing the sweet release.

His pants sped up, mirroring Dream's movements. A final stroke, and George threw his head back, moaning Dream's name like he had during most lonely nights. George could not catch a single thought, his orgasm overwhelmed his senses with steamy lust and feverish love. A shiver ran down his spine, invading every nerve.

Dream massaged him through his thigh, locking his eyes onto George's trembling face. He had to be careful not to overstimulate his dear friend.

Once George had regained a sense of his surroundings, he let his head fall onto Dream's shoulder. He licked his lips and swallowed, and a trace of shame befell him. He didn't mind that he lost, he didn't care about the stupid competition any more. Rather, he feared that this was over. That Dream would now break out in his stupid wonderful annoying laughter and announce he'd won, and that was it. Forever.

But that was not the case. Dream broke their body contact to reach for the bottle of water from beside the bed, he even unscrewed the cap for George.

George would have expected anything but this. Still, he appreciated the gesture and did take a sip. Daringly, he made eye contact again.

What he was met with took his breath away. Dream's half-closed green eyes carried such love in them, it made something twist deep inside George. His lips were curled into a soft smile, his head tilted a little to the right.

George lost control of his staring for a second until he remembered.

“Hold on, you haven’t cum yet.”

Dream bit his lip. “I’ll take care of it. Rest up.”

Dream gave him a last slow blink, similar to a cat’s love language, and stood up to leave the room.

George felt terribly empty. Physically, because he was now alone, but even more emotionally, since he felt like he had let Dream down somehow. But these were the rules for the competition, weren’t they? George had lost.

But for some reason, he believed that during this exchange, he had won a clear insight on his love and lust for Dream. And to him, that was worth more than some competition.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading! Kudos and comments are appreciated. I might write more in the future if I feel like it. Also thanks to my friend for beta reading this even though she doesn't even know Dream and George, you're a real one

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